FABLES.

BY THE LATE

MR GAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

GLASGOW,

PRINTED FOR ALEXANDER M'GEEN.

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57
MAR

TO

HIS HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

THESE

NEW FABLES,

INVENTED FOR HIS AMUSEMENT,

Are humbly dedicated, by

HIS HIGHNESS's

Moſt faithful and

Moſt obedient Servant,

JOHN GAY.

57

TABLE

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

		Pag.
Intr.		
—	*The* Shepherd *and the* Philoſopher	9
Fab.		
1.	*To his Highneſs* WILLIAM *Duke of* Cumberland.	
—	*The* Lion, *the* Tyger, *and the* Traveller	13
2.	*The* Spaniel *and the* Cameleon	16
3.	*The* Mother, *the* Nurſe, *and the* Fairy	18
4.	*The* Eagle, *and the aſſembly of* Animals	19
5.	*The* Wild Boar *and the* Ram	21
6.	*The* Miſer *and* Plutus	22
7.	*The* Lion, *the* Fox, *and the* Geeſe	24
8.	*The* Lady *and the* Waſp	26
9.	*The* Bull *and the* Maſtiff	28
10.	*The* Elephant *and the* Bookſeller	29
11.	*The* Peacock, *the* Turkey, *and the* Gooſe	32
12.	Cupid, Hymen, *and* Plutus	34
13.	*The tame* Stag	36
14.	*The* Monkey *who had ſeen the world*	37
15.	*The* Philoſopher *and the* Pheaſants	40
16.	*The* Pin *and the* Needle	42

Fab.		Pag.
17.	*The* Shepherd's Dog *and the* Wolf	44
18.	*The* Painter *who pleaſed no body and every body*	45
19.	*The* Lion *and the* Cub	48
20.	*The* Old Hen *and the* Cock	49
21.	*The* Rat-catcher *and the* Cats	51
22.	*The* Goat *without a beard*	53
23.	*The* Old Woman *and her* Cats	55
24.	*The* Butterfly *and the* Snail	57
25.	*The* Scold *and the* Parrot	59
26.	*The* Cur *and the* Maſtiff	61
27.	*The* Sick Man *and the* Angel	62
28.	*The* Perſian, *the* Sun, *and the* Cloud	64
29.	*The* Fox *at the Point of Death*	66
30.	*The* Setting-Dog *and the* Partridge	68
31.	*The Univerſal* Apparition	69
32.	*The two* Owls *and the* Sparrow	72
33.	*The* Courtier *and* Proteus	73
34.	*The* Maſtiffs	75
35.	*The* Barley-mow *and the* Dunghill	77
36.	Pythagoras *and the* Countryman	79
37.	*The* Farmer's Wife *and the* Raven	80
38.	*The* Turkey *and the* Ant	82
39.	*The* Father *and* Jupiter	83
40.	*The two* Monkeys	85
41.	*The* Owl *and the* Farmer	88
42.	*The* Jugglers	89
43.	*The Council of* Horſes	92

Fab. Pag.
44. *The* Hound *and the* Huntſman 94
45. *The* Poet *and the* Roſe 96
46. *The* Cur, *the* Horſe, *and the* Shepherd's Dog 98
47. *The* Court *of* Death 99
48. *The* Gardener *and the* Hog 101
49. *The* Man *and the* Flea 103
50. *The* Hare *and many* Friends 105

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Fab. Pag.
1. *To a* Lawyer
The Dog *and the* Fox 111
2. *To a* Friend *in the Country.*
The Vulture, *the* Sparrow, *and other Birds* 115
3. *To a* Levee-hunter.
The Baboon *and the* Poultry 120
4. *To a* Friend.
The Ant *in office* 124
5. *To a* Coxcomb.
The Bear *in a Boat* 130
6. *To a* Conntry Gentleman.
The Squire *and his* Cur 135

Fab. Pag.

7. *To* Myſelf.
The Countryman *and* Jupiter 142
8. *To my* Native Country.
The Man, *the* Cat, *the* Dog, *and the* Fly 147
9. *To a* Modern Politician
The Jackall, Leopard, *and other Beaſts* 153
10. *To the Rev. Dr.* Swift, *Dean of St.* Patrick's.
The Degenerate Bees 158
11. *To a* Young Nobleman.
The Pack-horſe *and the* Carrier 161
12. *To a* Young Heir.
Pan *and* Fortune 165
13. Plutus, Cupid, *and* Time 170
14. *To a* Mother.
The Owl, *the* Swan, *the* Cock, *the* Spider, *the* Aſs, *and the* Farmer 176
15. *To a* Poor Man.
The Cook-maid, *the* Turnſpit, *and the* Ox 182
16. *To* Laura.
The Ravens, *the* Sexton, *and the* Earth-worm 186

6 57 MAR

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

FABLES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was ſilver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him ſage;
In ſummer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wiſdom and his honeſt fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philoſopher (whoſe rules
Of moral life were drawn from ſchools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage ſought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books conſum'd the midnight-oil?
Haſt thou old Greece and Rome ſurvey'd,
And the vaſt ſenſe of PLATO weigh'd?
Hath SOCRATES thy ſoul refin'd,
And hath thou fathom'd TULLY's mind?
Or, like the wiſe ULYSSES thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Haſt thou through many cities ſtray'd,
Their cuſtoms, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The Shepherd modeſtly reply'd.
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in diſguiſe,
He cheats the moſt diſcerning eyes:
Who by that ſearch ſhall wiſer grow,
When we ourſelves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from ſimple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their riſe,
Hence grew my ſettled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry

Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy Tray.
In conſtancy, and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In converſation over-bear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much, muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate;
Kites, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind:

But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:
But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe, without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

TO HIS HIGHNESS,

WILLIAM

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FABLE I.

The LION, *the* TYGER, *and the* TRAVELLER.

To His Royal Highness

ACCEPT, young PRINCE, the moral lay,
And in theſe tales mankind ſurvey;
With early virtues plant your breaſt,
The ſpecious arts of vice deteſt.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are ſtrangers to the voice of truth.
Learn to contemn all praiſe betimes;
For flattery's the nurſe of crimes:
Friendſhip by ſweet reproof is ſhown,
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts ſuch freedom muſt offend,
There none preſumes to be a friend.
To thoſe of your exalted ſtation
Each courtier is a dedication:
Muſt I too flatter like the reſt,
And turn my morals to a jeſt?
The Muſe diſdains to ſteal from thoſe,
Who thrive in courts by fulſome proſe.

But ſhall I hide your real praiſe,
Or tell you what a nation ſays?
They in your infant-boſom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Diſcern you gen'rous, mild, and kind:
They ſee you grieve to hear diſtreſs,
And pant already to redreſs.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we juſtly may preſage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage ſhall your boſom fire,
And future actions own your ſire.
Cowards are cruel; but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to ſave.

A Tyger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;
The proſtrate game a Lion ſpies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies.
With mingled roar reſounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws diſtil with blood;
Till vanquiſh'd by the Lion's ſtrength,
The ſpotted foe extends his length.
The Man beſought the ſhaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd.
His life the gen'rous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,

The Lion thus beſpoke his gueſt.
What hardy beaſt ſhall dare conteſt
My matchleſs ſtrength! You ſaw the fight,
And muſt atteſt my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My ſtarving ſlaves at diſtance roam:
Within theſe woods I reign alone,
The boundleſs foreſt is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the ſavage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
Theſe carcaſes on either hand,
Thoſe bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath theſe jaws what numbers fell.
True, ſays the Man, the ſtrength I ſaw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But ſhall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in ſo falſe a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd: let juſtice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boaſts
Of waſted lands and ſlaughter'd hoſts.
Pirates their power by murders gain,
Wiſe kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath ſhown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heav'n gives you pow'r above the reſt,
Like Heav'n to ſuccour the diſtreſt.

The caſe is plain, the Monarch ſaid;
Falſe glory hath my youth miſled;
For beaſts of prey, a ſervile train,
Have been the flatt'rers of my reign.
You reaſon well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree
That human heroes rule like me.

FABLE II.

The SPANIEL *and the* CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
Indulg'd to diſobey command,
In pamper'd eaſe his hours were ſpent:
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, ſo pert, ſo ſmart,
Were ſure to win his lady's heart;
Each little miſchief gain'd him praiſe;
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was ſouth, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air.
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the ſofteſt ground:
When near him a Cameleon ſeen,
Was ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring hoſt,
What, live with clowns! a genius loſt!
To cities and the court repair;
A fortune cannot fail thee there:
Preferment ſhall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend; I know the town.
Sir, ſays the Sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew:
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I ſaid.
My whiſper always met ſucceſs;
The ladies prais'd me for addreſs.
I knew to hit each courtier's paſſion,
And flatter'd every vice in faſhion.
But JOVE who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut ſhort my proſp'rous days;
And, ſentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obſcure and mean,
I wander in the ſylvan ſcenes.
For JOVE the heart alone regards;
He puniſhes what man rewards.
How diff'rent is thy caſe and mine!
With men at leaſt you ſup and dine;
While I, condemn'd to thinneſt fare,
Like thoſe I flatter'd, feed on air.

FABLE III.

The MOTHER, *the* NURSE, *and the* FAIRY.

GIve me a ſon. The bleſſing ſent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half ſo fair and wiſe.
Wak'd to the morning's pleaſing care,
The mother roſe, and ſought her heir.
She ſaw the Nurſe, like one poſſeſs'd,
With wringing hands, and ſobbing breaſt.
Sure ſome diſaſter has befel:
Speak, Nurſe; I hope the boy is well.
Dear Madam, think not me to blame;
Inviſible the Fairy came:
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and noſe,
The mother's eyes, as black as ſloes?
See here, a ſhocking aukward creature,
That ſpeaks a fool in ev'ry feature.
The woman's blind, the Mother cries;
I ſee wit ſparkle in his eyes.
Lord! Madam, what a ſquinting leer!
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, ſwift as light;

Perch'd on the cradle's top he ſtands,
And thus her folly reprimands.
Whence ſprung the vain conceited lie,
That we the world with fools ſupply?
What! give our ſprightly race away,
For the dull helpleſs ſons of clay!
Beſides, by partial fondneſs ſhown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And ſhould we change with human breed,
Well might we paſs for fools indeed.

FABLE IV.

The EAGLE, *and the aſſembly of* ANIMALS.

AS JUPITER's all-ſeeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the ſky,
From this ſmall ſpeck of earth were ſent,
Murmurs and ſounds of diſcontent;
For ev'ry thing alive complain'd,
That he the hardeſt life ſuſtain'd.
JOVE calls his Eagle. At the word
Before him ſtands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height,
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence ariſe
Theſe murmurs which offend the ſkies?
Why this diſorder? ſay the cauſe:
For juſt are JOVE's eternal laws.
Let each his diſcontent reveal,
To yon ſour Dog I firſt appeal.
Hard is my lot, the Hound replies,
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary ſtep and ſlow,
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go.
The morning ſees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the ſetting ſun.
When (ſays the Greyhound) I purſue,
My game is loſt, or caught in view;
Beyond my ſight the prey's ſecure:
The Hound is ſlow, but always ſure.
And had I his ſagacious ſcent,
JOVE ne'er had heard my diſcontent.
The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox, the Lion's force and heart.
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whoſe wings were rapid, ſtrong, and light:
The Pigeon ſtrength of wing deſpis'd
And the Cock's matchleſs valour priz'd:
The Fiſhes wiſh'd to graze the plain;
The Beaſts, to ſkim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's ſtate,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids diſperſe the murm'ring croud;
The god rejects your idle prayers.
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, ſilent all, and none conſent!
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the reſtleſs mind,
And proud ambition of mankind.

FABLE V.

The WILD BOAR *and the* RAM.

AGainſt an elm a ſheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd:
The patient flock, in ſilent fright,
From far beheld the horrid ſight.
A ſavage Boar, who near them ſtood,
Thus mock'd to ſcorn the fleecy brood.
All cowards ſhould be ſerv'd like you.
See, ſee, your murd'rer is in view:
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He ſtrips the ſkin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd ſires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmleſs lambs,
Call for revenge. O ſtupid race!
The heart that wants revenge, is baſe.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes:
Yet think us not of ſoul ſo tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Inſenſible of ev'ry ill,
Becauſe we want thy tuſks to kill.
Know, thoſe who violence purſue,
Give to themſelves the vengeance due;
For in theſe maſſacres they find
The two chief plagues that waſte mankind.
Our ſkin ſupplies the wrangling bar,
It wakes their ſlumb'ring ſons to war;
And well revenge may reſt contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

FABLE VI.

The MISER *and* PLUTUS.

THE wind was high, the window ſhakes,
With ſudden ſtart the Miſer wakes.
Along the ſilent room he ſtalks;
Looks back, and trembles as he walks:
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In every creek and corner pries,
Then opes the cheſt with treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with ſudden qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breaſt,

By conſcience ſtung, he wildly ſtares;
And thus his guilty ſoul declares.
Had the deep earth her ſtores confin'd,
This heart had known ſweet peace of mind.
But virtue's ſold. Good gods! what price
Can recompence the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! ſeducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold ſow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's ſword to kill:
'Twas gold inſtructed coward-hearts,
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on earth no more!
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him ſtood.
The miſer trembling, lock'd his cheſt;
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſt.
Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
Each ſordid raſcal's daily cant.
Did I, baſe wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Becauſe my bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's ſelf by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;

And power (when lodg'd in their poſſeſſion)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppreſſion.
Thus, when the villain crams his cheſt,
Gold is the canker of the breaſt;
'Tis av'rice, inſolence, and pride,
And ev'ry ſhocking vice beſide.
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the dews of heaven:
Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes;
Their crimes on gold ſhall miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid ſouls for pay?
Let bravoes then (when blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive ſword with guilt.

FABLE VII.

The LION, *the* FOX, *and the* GEESE.

A Lion, tir'd with ſtate-affairs,
Quite ſick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Reſolv'd (remote from noiſe and ſtrife)
In peace to paſs his latter life.
It was proclaim'd; the day was ſet:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And ſtrive who moſt ſhall condeſcend.

He ſtrait aſſumes a ſolemn grace,
Collects his wiſdom in his face,
The crowd admire his wit, his ſenſe:
Each word hath weight and conſequence.
The flatt'rer all his art diſplays:
He who hath power, is ſure of praiſe.
A Fox ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the ſervile throng addreſt.
How vaſt his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in Virtue's honeſt ſchool!
What clemency his temper ſways!
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine ſhall ceaſe to waſte the land.
His Brain hath ſtratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart.
What bleſſings muſt attend the nation
Under this good adminiſtration!

He ſaid. A Gooſe, who diſtant ſtood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me ſhun his worthy friend.
What praiſe! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who ſpoke th' oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wiſe;

If they enjoy theſe ſweets, 'tis plain
We Geeſe muſt feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now ſhall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taſte, and ſeem polite,
Will feed on Geeſe both noon and night!

FABLE VIII.

The LADY *and the* WASP.

WHAT whiſpers muſt the Beauty bear!
What hourly nonſenſe haunts her ear!
Where-e'er her eyes diſpenſe their charms,
Impertinence around her ſwarms.
Did not the tender nonſenſe ſtrike,
Contempt and ſcorn might look diſlike;
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The ſlighteſt flap a fly can chace.
But who can drive the num'rous breed?
Chaſe one, another will ſucceed.
Who knows a fool, muſt know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague ſhe's rightly curſt,
Becauſe ſhe liſt'ned to the firſt.

As DORIS, at her toilette's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was penſive, now was gay,
And loll'd the ſultry hours away.

As thus in indolence ſhe lies,
A giddy Waſp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aſpires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms:
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulſe he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and ſipt the dew.

She frowns, ſhe frets. Good gods! ſhe cries,
Protect me from theſe teazing flies!
Of all the plagues that heav'n hath ſent,
A Waſp is moſt impertinent.

The hov'ring inſect thus complain'd.
Am I then ſlighted, ſcorn'd, diſdain'd?
Can ſuch offence your anger wake?
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold miſtake.
Thoſe cherry lips that breathe perfume,
That cheek ſo ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with ſtrong deſire purſue
The faireſt peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, JENNY, DORIS cries,
Nor murder Waſps like vulgar flies;
For though he's free, (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In extacies away he poſts;
Where-e'er he came, the favour boaſts:
Brags how her ſweeteſt tea he ſips,
And ſhews the ſugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew,
Sure of ſucceſs, away they flew.
They ſhare the dainties of the day,
Round her with airy muſic play;
And now they flutter, now they reſt,
Now ſoar again, and ſkim her breaſt.
Nor were they baniſh'd, till ſhe found
That Waſps have ſtings, and felt the Wound.

FABLE IX.

The BULL *and the* MASTIFF.

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and ſcope;
On theſe depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Maſtiff paſs'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls ſhot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirſt of blood.
Spurning the ground the monarch ſtood,
And roar'd aloud. Suſpend the fight;
In a whole ſkin, go, ſleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?

Is it ambition fires thy breaſt,
Or avarice that ne'er can reſt?
From theſe alone unjuſtly ſprings
The world-deſtroying wrath of kings.
The ſurly Maſtiff thus returns.
Within my boſom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets ſing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's ſpirit-ſtirring mind,
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer, or to bleed.
Curs'd Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirſt of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whoſe hands with cruelty are ſtain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Muſt, like thy tutor, blood purſue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the ſprawling hero flies,
Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.

FABLE X.

The ELEPHANT *and the* BOOKSELLER.

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown ſeas, to unknown ſoils,

With various wonders feaſts his ſight:
What ſtranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in deſcription view
Creatures which ADAM never knew:
For, when we riſk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Thoſe things that ſtartle me or you,
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For ſcience and for ſenſe renown'd?
BORRI records their ſtrength of parts,
Extent of thought, and ſkill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And ſave the ſtate the hangman's fees;
And how by travel underſtand
The language of another land.
Let thoſe who queſtion this report,
To PLINY's ancient page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!
As one of theſe, in days yore,
Rummag'd a ſhop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding;
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exacteſt care and pains,
Were ev'ry beaſt and bird portray'd,
That e'er the ſearch of man ſurvey'd.

Their natures and their powers were writ,
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
Man with ſtrong reaſon is endow'd;
A beaſt ſcarce inſtinct is allow'd.
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide,
Can he diſcern the diff'rent natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,
Who by the partial work hath ſhown
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſely is the ſpaniel drawn!
Did Man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He, the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts diſcern,
You'll find a ſpaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his cenſure or his wonder?
From courtier's tricks, and lawyers arts,
The fox might well improve his parts,
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curſes for their thirſt of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beaſts kill for hunger, men for pay.
The Bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a page of Greek,

Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus addreſs'd with bow profound.
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs ſons of men,
Or write the hiſtory of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am;
Or, ſince you're learn'd in Greek, let's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity.
When wrinkling with a ſneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wiſe:
Leave man on man to criticiſe;
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the ſenſeleſs ſons of men.
They unprovok'd will court the fray;
Envy's a ſharper ſpur than pay.
No author ever ſpar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

FABLE. XI.

The PEACOCK, *the* TURKEY, *and the* GOOSE.

IN beauty faults conſpicuous grow;
The ſmalleſt ſpeck is ſeen on ſnow.

As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the Poultry fed;
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.

He, conſcious of ſuperior merit,
Contemns their baſe reviling ſpirit;
His ſtate and dignity aſſumes,
And to the ſun diſplays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'n's-o'er-arching ſkies,
Are ſpangled with a thouſand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzled ſight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their ſpleen by turns.
Mark, with what inſolence and pride,
The creature takes his haughty ſtride,
The Turkey cries. Can ſpleen contain?
Sure never bird was half ſo vain!
But were intrinſic merit ſeen,
We Turkies have the whiter ſkin.
From tongue to tongue they caught abuſe;
And next was heard the hiſſing Gooſe.
What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I ſcorn to cenſure little flaws.
Then what a horrid ſquawling throat!
Ev'n owls are frighted at the note.
True. Thoſe are faults, the Peacock cries;
My ſcream, my ſhanks you may deſpiſe:
But ſuch blind critics rail in vain:
What, overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your ſcorn and ſport)
The Turkey or the Gooſe ſupport,

And did ye ſcream with harſher ſound,
Thoſe faults in you had ne'er been found:
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemiſh ſtrikes an envious mind.

Thus in aſſemblies have I ſeen
A nymph of brighteſt charms and mien,
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing ſcandal fills the place.

FABLE XII.

CUPID, HYMEN, *and* PLUTUS.

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employed the leſſer powers of love;
Some ſhape the bow, or fit the ſtring;
Some give the taper ſhaft its wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold:
Amidſt their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with aſſuming air,
Addreſs'd the God. Thou purblind chit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are no better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them yokes.

They ſquabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The huſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due reſtriction;
And ſhe as well likes contradiction:
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits.
He this way tugs, ſhe t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cauſe.
Nothing can ſave him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of courſe.
When, ſays the Boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly ſpend my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For ſettlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witneſs to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.
Plutus appear'd, and ſaid, 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view:
They ſeek not beauty, wit, or ſenſe;
And love is ſeldom the pretence.
All offer incenſe at my ſhrine,
And I alone the bargain ſign.
How can BELINDA blame her fate?
She only aſk'd a great eſtate.

Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord muſt give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune aſks, and aſks no more.

Av'rice, whatever ſhape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The tame Stag.

As a young Stag the thicket paſt,
The branches held his antlers faſt;
A clown, who ſaw the captive hung,
Acroſs the horns his halter flung.
Now ſafely hamper'd in the cord,
He bore the preſent to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipt with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How ſleek's the ſkin! how ſpeck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was ſo charming!
At firſt within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze
And diſtant awe preſumes to gaze;

Munches the linen on the lines,
And on a hood or apron dines:
He ſteals my little maſter's bread,
Follow the ſervants to be fed:
Nearer and nearer now he ſtands,
To feel the praiſe of patting hands;
Examines ev'ry fiſt for meat,
And though repuls'd, diſdains retreat:
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, ſcorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When firſt a red coat is in ſight;
Behind the door ſhe hides her face;
Next time at diſtance eyes the lace.
She now can all his terrors ſtand,
Nor from his ſqueeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms,
And every ſoldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent ſhe ſpreads her flame;
For cuſtom conquers fear and ſhame.

FABLE XIV.

The MONKEY *who had ſeen the world.*

A Monkey, to reform the times,
Reſolv'd to viſit foreign climes:
For men in diſtant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.

So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune ſerves to make us wiſe.
At length the treach'rous ſnare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There ſold. (How envy'd was his doom,
Made captive in a lady's room!)
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilette calls; with mimic play
He twirles her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In viſits too his parts and wit,
When jeſts grew dull, were ſure to hit.
Proud with applauſe, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;
Like ORPHEUS burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occaſion, broke his chain,
And ſought his native woods again.
The hairy ſylvans round him preſs,
Aſtoniſh'd at his ſtrut and dreſs.
Some praiſe his ſleeve; and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper periwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary froſts, or fleecy ſnow:

But all, with envy and deſire,
His flutt'ring ſhoulder-knot admire.
Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wiſe.
Weigh your own worth; ſupport your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I paſs'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dreſs, their courtly manners ſee;
Reform your ſtate, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive; in flatt'ry deal;
Your ſcorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends,
But uſe them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lie whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to ſpatter merit;
Scandal is converſation's ſpirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,
And men your talents ſhall commend.
I knew the great. Obſerve me right;
So ſhall you grow like man polite.
He ſpoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applauſe.
Now, warm with malice, envy, ſpite,
Their moſt obliging friends they bite;
And fond to copy human ways,
Practiſe new miſchiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for ſchool,
With travel finiſhes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dreſſes, whores, and ſwears;
O'erlooks with ſcorn all virtuous arts,
For vice is fitted to his parts.

FABLE XV.

The PHILOSOPHER *and the* PHEASANTS.

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Through the deep foreſt took his way;
Drawn by the muſic of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree, the warbling throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate notes.
But where he paſt, he terror threw,
The ſong broke ſhort, the warblers flew;
The thruſhes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhorr'd his ſight:
All animals before him ran,
To ſhun the hateful ſight of man.
Whence is this dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?
As thus he walk'd in muſing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;

With cautious ſtep he nearer drew,
By the thick ſhade conceal'd from view.
High on the branch a Pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all the liſt'ning brood;
Proud of the bleſſings of her neſt,
She thus a mother's care expreſs'd.
No dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture truſt
Than man; of animals the worſt.
In him ingratitude you find,
A vice peculiar to the kind.
The ſheep, whoſe annual fleece is dy'd,
To guard his health, and ſerve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel ſhambles ſlain.
The ſwarms, who, with induſtrious ſkill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole ſummer days employ'd,
Their ſtores are ſold, the race deſtroy'd.
What tribute from the gooſe is paid!
Does not her wing all ſcience aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this general uſe?
He takes the quills, and eats the gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his ways;
So ſafety ſhall prolong your days.

When ſervices are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted.

FABLE XVI.

The PIN *and the* NEEDLE.

A Pin who long had ſerv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilette's duty,
Had form'd her ſleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or giv'n her knot a ſmarter air,
Now neareſt to her heart was plac'd,
Now in a manteau's tail diſgrac'd:
But could ſhe partial fortune blame,
Who ſaw her lovers ſerv'd the ſame?
At length from all her honours caſt,
Through various turns of life ſhe paſt;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miſer's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She viſits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune toſt,
At laſt in Greſham-hall was loſt.
Charm'd with the wonders of the ſhow,
On ev'ry ſide, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires,
What leaſt was underſtood admires.

'Tis plain, each thing ſo ſtruck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoſo kind.
And pray what's this, and this, dear ſir?
A Needle, ſays the interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Addreſs'd her as a taylor's tool.
A Needle with that filthy ſtone,
Quite idle, all with ruſt o'er-grown!
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the ſempſtreſs in her arts.
But tell me how the friendſhip grew
Between that paultry flint and you?
Friend, ſays the Needle, ceaſe to blame;
I follow real worth and fame,
Know'ſt thou the loadſtone's power and art,
That virtue virtues can impart?
Of all his talents I partake.
Who then can ſuch a friend forſake?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To ſhun the rocks and treach'rous ſand:
By me the diſtant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milleners been bred,
What had I been! the guid'd of thread,
And drudg'd as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more conſequence than you.

FABLE XVII.

The ſhepherd's DOG *and the* WOLF.

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold:
Deep in the wood ſecure he lay,
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the ſhepherd's wakeful care
Had ſpread the toils and watch'd the ſnare;
In vain the dog purſu'd his pace,
The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.
As Lightfoot rang'd the foreſt round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.
Let us a while the war ſuſpend,
And reaſon as from friend to friend.
A truce? replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun.
How can that ſtrong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceleſs kind?
Thoſe jaws ſhould prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood.
Great ſouls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmleſs is our fleecy care!
Be brave, and let thy mercy ſpare.
Friend, ſays the Wolf, the matter weigh;
Nature deſign'd us beaſts of prey;

As ſuch, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis neceſſary Wolves ſhould eat.
If mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy boſom burn with real zeal;
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beſeech,
To him repeat the moving ſpeech:
A Wolf eats ſheep but now and then,
Ten thouſands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curſe,
But a pretended friend is worſe.

FABLE. XVIII.

The PAINTER *who pleaſed no body and every body.*

LEST men ſuſpect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler, leaping o'er thoſe bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never ſeems abſurd;
The flatter'd always take your word;
Impoſſibilities ſeem juſt;
They take the ſtrongeſt praiſe on truſt.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er ſo great,
Will ſtill come ſhort of ſelf-conceit.

So very like a Painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew;

He hit complexion, feature, air,
So juſt, the life itſelf was there.
No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,
To bloom reſtor'd the faded maid:
He gave each muſcle all its ſtrength;
The mouth, the chin, the noſe's length
His honeſt pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He loſt his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth ſhould not always be reveal'd;
In duſty piles his pictures lay,
For no one ſent the ſecond pay.
Two buſtos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A VENUS' and APOLLO's face,
He plac'd in view; reſolv'd to pleaſe,
Whoever ſat, he drew from theſe,
From theſe corrected ev'ry feature,
And ſpirited each awkward creature.
All things were ſet; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd; and ſeated right
In proper attitude and light,
The Painter look'd, he ſketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of TITIAN's tints, of GUIDO's air;
Thoſe eyes, my Lord, the ſpirit there
Might well a RAPHAEL's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;

The feature fraught with ſenſe and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you ſhall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Obſerve the work. My Lord reply'd,
'Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Beſides, my noſe is ſomewhat long;
Dear ſir, for me, 'tis far too young.
Oh! pardon me, the artiſt cry'd,
In this we painters muſt decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes muſt ſtrike,
I warrant it extremely like.
My Lord examin'd it a-new;
No looking-glaſs ſeem'd half ſo true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his VENUS form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age ſome charm he lent,
Ev'n Beauties were almoſt content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His cuſtom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeneſs ſhown,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeneſs in his thought.

FABLE XIX.

The LION *and the* CUB.

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and baſe!
Theſe cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from ſuperior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And loſe their hours in ale and ſmoke.
There o'er ſome petty club preſide;
So poor, ſo paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will ſit,
In hopes to be ſupreme in wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their worth in trueſt light.

A Lion-cub, of ſordid mind,
Avoided all the lion kind;
Fond of applauſe, he ſought the feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble beaſts;
With aſſes all his time he ſpent,
Their club's perpetual preſident.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An aſs in ev'ry thing, but ears!
If e'er his Highneſs meant a joke,
They grinn'd applauſe before he ſpoke;
But at each Word what ſhouts of praiſe!
Good gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He ſeeks his royal ſire's retreat:
Forward, and fond to ſhow his parts,
His Highneſs brays; the Lion ſtarts.
Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and converſation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noiſy race,
Are trumpets of their own diſgrace.
Why ſo ſevere? the Cub replies;
Our ſenate always held me wiſe.
How weak is pride! returns the ſire;
All fools are vain, when fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid aſſes prize,
Lions and noble beaſts deſpiſe.

FABLE XX.

The Old HEN *and the* COCK.

REſtrain your child; you'll ſoon believe
The text which ſays, we ſprung from EVE.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
And ſeem'd to peck to ſhew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, ſhe ſcratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the ſpacious yard around.
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin ſprings,

And prone ſhe drops. The Mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſs'd.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a Mother's cares.
I ſee you vig'rous, ſtrong, and bold;
I hear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; that fatal place
Is ſure perdition to our race.
Print this my counſel on thy breaſt;
To the juſt gods I leave the reſt.
He thank'd her care: yet day by day
His boſom burn'd to diſobey;
And every time the well he ſaw,
Scorn'd in his heart the fooliſh law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.
Why was this idle charge? he cries:
Let courage female fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harveſt ſtore the place,
A treaſure for her younger race?
And would ſhe thus my ſearch prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus ſaid. He mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his neck; and from below
With ſtretching neck advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
The foe with ruffled plumes appears:
Threat anſwer'd threat, his fury grew,
Headlong to meet the war he flew.
But when the watry death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.
I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my Mother's prohibition.

FABLE XXI.

The RAT-CATCHER *and* CATS.

THE rats by night ſuch miſchief did,
BETTY was every morning chid.
They undermin'd whole ſides of bacon,
Her cheeſe was ſapp'd, her tarts were taken:
Her paſties, fenc'd with thickeſt paſte,
Were all demoliſh'd, and laid waſte.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a conſtant booty.
An Engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;

And prone ſhe drops. The Mother's breaſt
All day with ſorrow was poſſeſs'd.
A Cock ſhe met; her ſon ſhe knew;
And in her heart affection grew.
My ſon, ſays ſhe, I grant your years
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An Engineer, of noted ſkill,
Engag'd to ſtop the growing ill.
From room to room he now ſurveys
Their haunts, their works, their ſecret ways;

Finds where they 'ſcape an ambuſcade,
And whence the nightly ſally's made.
An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unſeen, attends his ſilent pace.
She ſaw, that, if his trade went on,
The purring Race muſt be undone;
So, ſecretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry ſtratagem defeats.
Again he ſets the poiſon'd toils,
And Puſs again the labour foils.
What foe (to fruſtrate my deſigns)
My ſchemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries: this very hour
The wretch ſhall bleed beneath my power.
So ſaid. A pond'rous trap he brought,
And in the fact poor Puſs was caught.
Smuggler, ſays he, thou ſhalt be made,
A victim to our loſs of trade.
The captive Cat with piteous mews
For pardon, life, and freedom ſues.
A ſiſter of the ſcience ſpare;
One int'reſt is our common care.
What inſolence! the Man reply'd;
Shall Cats with us the game divide?
Were all your interloping band
Extinguiſh'd, or expell'd the land,
We Rat-catchers might raiſe our fees,
Sole guardians of a nation's cheeſe!

A Cat, who ſaw the lifted knife,
Thus ſpoke, and ſav'd her ſiſter's life.
In ev'ry age and clime we ſee,
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
Each hates his neighbour for incroaching;
'Squire ſtigmatizes 'ſquire for poaching;
Beauties with beauties are in arms,
And ſcandal pelts each other's charms;
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
In hope to make the world their own.
But let us limit our deſires;
Nor war like beauties, kings, and 'ſquires:
For though we both one prey purſue,
There's game enough for us and you.

FABLE XXII.

The GOAT *without a Beard.*

'TIS certain, that the modiſh paſſions
Deſcend among the crowd, like faſhions
Excuſe me then; if pride, conceit,
(The manners of the fair and great)
I give to monkeys, aſſes, dogs,
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.
I ſay, that theſe are proud. What then?
I never ſaid, they equal men,

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)
Affected ſingularity.

Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;
And then with fond attention ſtood,
Fix'd, o'er his image in the flood.
I hate my frowzy beard, he cries;
My youth is loſt in this diſguiſe.
Did not the Females know my vigour,
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.
Reſolv'd to ſmooth his ſhaggy face,
He ſought the Barber of the place.
A flippant monkey, ſpruce and ſmart,
Hard by profeſs'd the dapper art.
His pole with pewter baſons hung,
Black rotten teeth in order ſtrung;
Rang'd cups, that in the window ſtood,
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,
Did well his threefold trade explain,
Who ſhav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.
The Goat he welcomes with an air,
And ſeats him in his wooden chair:
Mouth, noſe and cheek the lather hides;
Light, ſmooth and ſwift the razor glides.
I hope your cuſtom, ſir, ſays pug.
Sure never face was half ſo ſmug!
The Goat, impatient for applauſe,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;
The ſhaggy people grinn'd and ſtar'd.
Heighday! what's here? without a beard!

Say, brother, whence the dire diſgrace?
What envious hand hath robb'd your face?
When thus the fop with ſmiles of ſcorn:
Are beards by civil nations worn?
Ev'n Muſcovites have mow'd their chins.
Shall we like formal Capucins,
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
And bear about the hairy load?
Whene'er we through the village ſtray,
Are we not mock'd along the way;
Inſulted with loud ſhouts of ſcorn,
By boys our beards diſgrac'd and torn?
Were you no more with Goats to dwell,
Brother I grant you reaſon well,
Replies a bearded chief. Beſide,
If boys can mortify thy pride,
How wilt thou ſtand the ridicule
Of our whole flock? affected fool!
Coxcombs diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
To all but coxcombs are a jeſt.

FABLE XXIII.

The Old WOMAN *and her* CATS.

WHO friendſhip with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modeſt girl is ſeen
With one who cures a lover's ſpleen.
We gueſs her not extremely nice,
And only wiſh to know her price.
'Tis thus that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beſide a little ſmoaky flame
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and froſt;
Her ſhrivell'd hands, with veins emboſt,
Upon her knees her weight ſuſtains,
While palſy ſhook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd ſcold of fourſcore years.
About her ſwarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus ſhe ſputter'd. Hence ye crew.
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, ſuch fiends, a helliſh train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,
I, for a witch, had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe, that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noiſe;
Straws laid acroſs my pace retard,
The horſe-ſhoe's nail'd (each threſhold's guard)
The ſtunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I ſhould up and ride;

They ſtick with pins my bleeding ſeat,
And bid me ſhow my ſecret teat.
To hear you prate would vex a ſaint;
Who hath moſt reaſon of complaint?
Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er ſtarv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beaſts of chace.
'Tis infamy to ſerve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys againſt our lives combine,
Becauſe, 'tis ſaid, your cats have nine.

FABLE XXIV.

The BUTTERFLY *and the* SNAIL.

ALL upſtarts, inſolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the ſunſhine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a roſe;
With pert conceit his boſom glows;
His wings (all-glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,
Wide he diſplays; the ſpangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his houſe, with ſlimy trail
Crawls o'er the graſs; whom when he 'ſpies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:
What means yon peaſant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the ſoil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimſom hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feaſt his taſte deſign'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Cruſh then the ſlow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from diſgrace.
What arrogance! the Snail reply'd;
How inſolent is upſtart pride!
Hadſt thou not thus, with inſult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the ſcum of earth.
For ſcarce nine ſuns have wak'd the hours,
To ſwell the fruit, and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life ſurvey'd,
In baſe and ſordid guiſe array'd;
A hideous inſect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a ſlow and noiſome train;
And from your ſpider-bowels drew,
Foul film, and ſpun the dirty clue.

I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail ſhall end.
And what's a Butterfly? at beſt,
He's but a caterpillar dreſt;
And all thy race (a num'rous ſeed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

FABLE XXV.

The SCOLD *and the* PARROT.

THE huſband thus reprov'd his wife:
Who deals in ſlander, lives in ſtrife.
Art thou the herald of diſgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which ſpares nor friend, nor ſex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near.
Good gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murm'ring flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual diſcord ſowing!
Like fame, it gathers ſtrength by going.
Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,
How ſolemn is the fool! how wiſe!
Is nature's choiceſt gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not; for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden,
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!

You praiſe his talk, his ſquawling ſong;
But Wives are always in the wrong.
Now reputations flew in pieces
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces;
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huſſy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the ſex ſhe vents her fury,
Tries and condemns without a jury.
At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her.
Puſs ſpits; the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels aſſaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out ſcream'd her rage.

A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But pratling Women are deſpis'd.
She who attacks another's honour,
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think Madam when you ſtretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues:
One ſlander muſt ten thouſand get,
The world with int'reſt pays the debt.

FABLE XXVI.

The CUR *and the* MASTIFF.

A Sneaking Cur, the maſter's ſpy,
Rewarded for his daily lie,
With ſecret jealouſies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor puſs to-day was in diſgrace,
Another cat ſupply'd her place;
The hound was beat, the Maſtiff chid,
The monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his deareſt friend grew ſhy,
And none could tell the reaſon why.
A plan to rob the houſe was laid.
The thief with love ſeduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and ſtrok'd his head,
And bought his ſecrecy with bread.
He next the Maſtiff's honour try'd;
Whoſe honeſt jaws the bribe defy'd.
He ſtretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The ſurly Dog his fingers tore.
Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The maſter took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.
The Dog his humble ſuit preferr'd,
And begg'd in juſtice to be heard.

The maſter ſat. On either hand
The cited dogs confronting ſtand:
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And like a lawyer, aggravates.
Judge not unheard, the Maſtiff cry'd,
But weigh the cauſe of either ſide.
Think not that treach'ry can be juſt,
Take not informers words on truſt.
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He ſpoke. And all the truth appear'd.
The Cur was hang'd the Maſtiff clear'd.

FABLE. XXVII.

The SICK MAN *and the* ANGEL.

IS there no hope? the ſick man ſaid.
The ſilent doctor ſhook his head,
And took his leave, with ſigns of ſorrow,
Deſpairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gaſping breath:
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I muſt bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis ſelf-defence in each profeſſion.
Sure ſelf-defence is no tranſgreſſion.

The little portion in my hands,
By good ſecurity on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My juſtice to myſelf and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good ſufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends,
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply ſhown.
An angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is ſincere.
This inſtant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.
But why ſuch haſte! the Sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heav'n deſigns?

Perhaps I may recover ſtill.
That Sum and more are in my will.
Fool, ſays the Viſion, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your ſoul, your heav'n was gain.
From ev'ry ſide, with all your might,
You ſcrap'd, and ſcrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.
While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;
Then why ſuch haſte? ſo groan'd and dy'd.

FABLE XXVIII.

The PERSIAN, *the* SUN, *and the* CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whoſe ev'ry thought the God inſpires?
When envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, ſhe rails, ſhe raves, ſhe pines;
Her hiſſing ſnakes with venom ſwell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The ſervile fiends her nod obey,
And all CURL's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and ſpite.
Thus ſhadow owes it's birth to light.

As proſtrate to the God of day
With heart devout a Perſian lay,

His invocation thus begun.
Parent of light, all-ſeeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whoſe rays diſpenſe
The various gifts of providence,
Accept our praiſe, our daily prayer,
Smile on our fields, and bleſs the year.
A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with ſudden darkneſs hung;
With pride and envy ſwell'd, aloud
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.
Weak is this gawdy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to ſhine.
Shall I nor vows, nor incenſe know?
Where praiſe is due, the praiſe beſtow.
With fervent zeal the Perſian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd.
It was that God, who claims my prayer,
Who gave the birth, and rais'd thee there.
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy ſubſtance is but plainer ſhown.
A paſſing gale, a puff of wind
Diſpels thy thickeſt troops combin'd.
The gale aroſe; the vapor toſt
(The ſport of winds) in air was loſt;
The glorious orb the day refines.
Thus envy breaks, thus merit ſhines.

FABLE XXIX.

The Fox *at the point of death.*

A Fox, in life's extreme decay,
Weak, ſick and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age diſarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him ſtand
To learn their dying ſire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone.
Ah, ſons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, ſee, the murder'd geeſe appear!
Why are thoſe bleeding turkeys there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chicken ſlain?
The hungry Foxes round them ſtar'd,
And for the promis'd feaſt prepar'd.
Where, ſir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, gooſe, nor hen is here.
Theſe are the phantoms of your brain,
And your ſons lick their lips in vain.
O gluttons! ſays the drooping ſire,
Reſtrain inordinate deſire.
Your liqu'riſh taſte you ſhall deplore,
When peace of conſcience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our peace,
And gins and guns deſtroy our race?
Thieves dread the ſearching eye of power,
And never feel the quiet hour.
Old age (which few of us ſhall know)
Now puts a period to my woe.
Would you true happineſs attain,
Let honeſty your paſſions rein?
So live in credit and eſteem,
And the good name you loſt, redeem.
The counſel's good, a Fox replies,
Could we perform what you adviſe.
Think what our anceſtors have done;
A line of thieves from ſon to ſon:
To us deſcends the long diſgrace,
And infamy hath mark'd our race.
Though we, like harmleſs ſheep, ſhould feed,
Honeſt in thought, in word, and deed;
Whatever hen-rooſt is decreas'd,
We ſhall be thought to ſhare the feaſt.
The change ſhall never be believ'd.
A loſt good name is ne'er retriev'd,
Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
(But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks)
Go, but be mod'rate in your food;
A chicken too might do me good.

FABLE XXX.

The SETTING-DOG *and the* PARTRIDGE.

THE ranging Dog the ſtubble tries,
And ſearches every breeze that flies;
The ſcent grows warm; with cautious fear
He creeps, and points the covey near.
The men, in ſilence, far behind,
Conſcious of game, the net unbind.
A Partridge, with experience wiſe,
The fraudful preparation ſpies:
She mocks their toils, alarms her brood;
The covey ſprings, and ſeeks the wood;
But ere her certain wing ſhe tries,
Thus to the creeping ſpaniel cries.
Thou fawning ſlave to man's deceit,
Thou pimp of lux'ry, ſneaking cheat,
Of thy whole ſpecies thou diſgrace,
Dogs ſhould diſown thee of their race!
For if I judge their native parts,
They're born with open honeſt hearts;
And, ere they ſerv'd man's wicked ends,
Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.
When thus the Dog with ſcornful ſmile:
Secure of wing thou dar'ſt revile.
Clowns are to poliſh'd manners blind;
How ign'rant is the ruſtick mind!

My worth ſagacious courtiers ſee,
And to preferment riſe, like me.
The thriving pimp, who beauty ſets,
Hath oft' enhanc'd a nation's debts:
Friend ſets his friend, without regard;
And miniſters his ſkill reward.
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
And growing favour feaſts my days.
I might have gueſs'd, the Partridge ſaid,
The place where you were train'd and fed:
Servants are apt, and in a trice
Ape to a hair their maſter's vice.
You came from court, you ſay. Adieu,
She ſaid, and to the covey flew.

FABLE XXXI.

The Univerſal APPARITION.

A Rake, by ev'ry paſſion rul'd,
With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;
Diſeaſe his tainted blood aſſails;
His ſpirits droop, his vigour fails:
With ſecret ills at home he pines,
And, like infirm old age, declines.
As, twing'd with pain, he penſive ſits,
And raves, and prays, and ſwears by fits;

A ghaſtly phantom, lean and wan,
Before him roſe, and thus began.
My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear;
Attend, and be adviſ'd by care.
Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor power,
Can give the heart a chearful hour,
When health is loſt. Be timely wiſe:
With health all taſte of pleaſure flies.
Thus ſaid, the phantom diſappears.
The wary counſel wak'd his fears:
He now from all exceſs abſtains,
With phyſick purifies his veins;
And, to procure a ſober life,
Reſolves to venture on a wife.
But now again the ſp'rit aſcends,
Where e'er he walks his ear attends;
Inſinuates that beauty's frail,
That perſeverance muſt prevail;
With jealouſies his brain inflames,
And whiſpers all her lover's names.
In other hours ſhe repreſents
His houſhold charge, his annual rents,
Increaſing debts, perplexing duns,
And nothing for his younger ſons.
Strait all his thought to gain he turns,
And with the thirſt of lucre burns.
But when poſſeſs'd of fortune's ſtore,
The Spectre haunts him more and more;

Sets want and miſery in view,
Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew;
Alarms him with eternal frights,
Infeſts his dream, or wakes his nights.
How ſhall he chaſe his hideous gueſt?
Power may perhaps protect his reſt.
To pow'r he roſe. Again the Sp'rit
Beſets him morning, noon, and night;
Talks of Ambition's tott'ring ſeat,
How Envy perſecutes the great,
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
And what diſgrace his fall attends.
The court he quits to fly from Care,
And ſeeks the peace of rural air:
His groves, his fields amus'd his hours;
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers.
But Care again his ſteps purſues;
Warns him of blaſts, of blighting dews,
Of plund'ring inſects, ſnails and rains,
And droughts that ſtarve the labour'd plains.
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there:
In vain we ſeek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghoſt addreſt.
Since thou muſt be my conſtant gueſt,
Be kind, and follow me no more;
For Care by right ſhould go before.

FABLE XXXII.

The two OWLS *and the* SPARROW.

TWO formal Owls together ſat,
Conferring thus in ſolemn chat.
How is the modern taſte decay'd!
Where's the reſpect to wiſdom paid?
Our worth the Grecian ſages knew;
They gave our ſires the honour due;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the ſeat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.
Brother, you reaſon well, replies
The ſolemn mate, with half ſhut eyes;
Right. Athens was the ſeat of learning,
And truly wiſdom is diſcering.
Beſides, on Pallas' helm we ſit,
The type and ornament of wit:
But now, alas! we're quite neglected,
And a pert Sparrow's more reſpected,
A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beſide,
O'erhears them ſooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat
Who meets a fool, muſt find conceit.

I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd:
But ev'ry bird that wings the ſky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their ſchools to know
How falſe we judge by outward ſhow;
That we ſhould never looks eſteem,
Since fools as wiſe as you might ſeem.
Would you contempt and ſcorn avoid,
Let your vain-glory be deſtroy'd;
Humble your arrogance of thought,
Purſue the ways by nature taught;
So ſhall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praiſe your care;
So ſhall ſleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

FABLE XXXIII.

The COURTIER *and* PROTEUS.

WHene'er a courtier's out of place,
The country ſhelters his diſgrace;
Where, doom'd to exerciſe and health,
His houſe and gardens own his wealth.
He builds new ſchemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign;
Like PHILIP's ſon would fain be doing,
And ſighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of theſe (without his wand)
Penſive, along the winding ſtrand
Employ'd the ſolitary hour,
In projects to regain his power;
The waves in ſpreading circles ran,
Proteus aroſe, and thus began.

Came you from court? For in your mein
A ſelf-important air is ſeen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, ſays the God, by matchleſs ſkill
I change to ev'ry ſhape at will;
But yet, I'm told, at court you ſee
Thoſe who preſume to rival me.

Thus ſaid. A ſnake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his ſcaly mail.

Know, ſays the Man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Baſk in the ſun, and fly the ſtorm;
With malice hiſs, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat;
With new-got luſtre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion ſtands;
He ſhakes his mane, he ſpurns the ſands;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an aſs, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might ſurpriſe;
But there, in queſt of daily game,
Each able courtier acts the ſame.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part;
Now rob by force, now ſteal with art.
They ſometimes in the ſenate bray;
Or, chang'd again to beaſts of pray,
Down from the lion to the ape,
Practiſe the frauds of ev'ry ſhape.
So ſaid. Upon the God he flies,
In cords the ſtruggling captive ties.
Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confeſs thy art excell'd.
Uſe ſtrength, ſurpriſe, or what you will,
The courtier finds evaſion ſtill;
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

FABLE XXXIV.

The MASTIFFS.

THoſe who in quarrels interpoſe,
Muſt often wipe a bloody noſe.

A Maſtiff, of true Engliſh blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.

When dogs were ſnarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own,
And often found (when two contend)
To interpoſe obtain'd his end;
He glory'd in his limping pace;
The ſcars of honour ſeam'd his face;
In ev'ry limb a gaſh appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.
As, on a time, he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noiſy war,
Away he ſcours, and lays about him,
Reſolv'd no fray ſhould be without him.
Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,
A cudgel ſhall correct your manners.
Whence ſprung this curſed hate to tanners?
While on my dog you vent your ſpite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To ſee the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,
Horſe ſcreaming from the circled croud,
To the curs'd Maſtiff cries aloud.
Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in publick, to be parted.
Think not, raſh fool, to ſhare his fame;
Be his the honour or the ſhame.

Thus ſaid, they ſwore, and rav'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their faſten'd Dogs aſunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry ſide
Rebounded from the Maſtiff's hide.

All reeking now with ſweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors ſtood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worried, howl'd and ſprawl'd below.
He roſe; and limping from the fray,
By both ſides mangled, ſneak'd away.

FABLE XXXV.

The BARLEY-MOW *and the* DUNGHILL.

HOW many ſaucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-ſtreet?
Proud rogues, who ſhar'd the South-ſea prey,
And ſprung like muſhrooms in a day!
They think it mean, to condeſcend
To know a brother or a friend;
They bluſh to hear their mother's name,
And by their pride expoſe their ſhame.

As croſs his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He ſtop'd, and, leaning on his fork,
Obſerv'd the flail's inceſſant work.

In thought he meaſur'd all his ſtore,
His geeſe, his hogs he number'd o'er;
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces ſhorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.
A Barley-mow, which ſtood beſide,
Thus to its muſing maſter cry'd.
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and ſlight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raiſe your mirth with ale and beer?
Why thus inſulted, thus diſgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd;
Are thoſe poor ſweepings of a groom,
That filthy ſight, that nauſeous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence!
A thing ſo mean muſt give offence.
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd.
Thy Maſter hears, and mocks thy pride:
Inſult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know.
My warm aſſiſtance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadſt periſh'd low in earth.
But upſtarts, to ſupport their ſtation,
Cancel at once all obligation.

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS *and the* COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS roſe at early dawn,
By ſoaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In muſing contemplation warm,
His ſteps miſled him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmoſt round,
A Peaſant ſtood; the hammer's ſound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honeſt labour there?
The Clown with ſurly voice replies,
Vengeance aloud for juſtice cries.
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkeys dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid.
See, on the wall his wing diſplay'd,
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind.
My fowls ſhall future ſafety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuſe to fat the breed.
Friend, ſays the Sage, the doom is wiſe;
For publick good the murd'rer dies.
But if theſe tyrants of the air
Demand a ſentence ſo ſevere,

Think how the glutton-man devours.
What bloody feaſts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous ſinner,
Hadſt pullets yeſterday for dinner!
Hold, cry'd the Clown, with paſſion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heav'n the world with creatures ſtor'd,
Man was ordain'd their ſov'reign lord.
Thus tyrants boaſt, the Sage reply'd,
Whoſe murders ſpring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is ſlain
Thy greater lux'ry to ſuſtain:
For * "Petty rogues ſubmit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their ſtate.

FABLE. XXXVII.

The FARMER'S WIFE *and the* RAVEN.

WHY are thoſe tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other huſband dead?
Or does a worſe diſgrace betide?
Hath no one ſince his death apply'd?
Alas! you know the cauſe too well:
The ſalt is ſpilt, to me it fell.

* GARTH'S DISPENSARY.

Then to contribute to my loſs,
My knife and fork were laid acroſs;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at home in bed!
Laſt night (I vow to heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next poſt ſome fatal news ſhall tell.
God ſend my Corniſh friends be well!
Unhappy widow, ceaſe thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears.
Let not thy ſtomach be ſuſpended;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy deſert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her ſwagging pannier's load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful care
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;
When, ſtarting from her ſilver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her ſcream.
That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding croak)
Bodes me no good. No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind Ball, with ſtumbling tread,
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,
And her maſh'd eggs beſtrow'd the way.

She, ſprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, ſwore and curs'd. Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whoreſon throat!
I knew misfortune in the note.
Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your oaths,
Unclench your fiſt, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me thoſe curſes thrown;
Goody, the fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old ſure-footed mare,
Though all the ravens of the hundred,
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, ſav'd your eggs.

FABLE XXXVIII.

The TURKEY *and the* ANT.

IN other men we faults can ſpy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye,
Each little ſpeck and blemiſh find,
To our own ſtronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forſook the barn, and ſought the wood;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare ſupplies;
Behold, the buſy Negroe race,
See, millions blacken all the place!
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful meat.
How bleſs'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'ſcape the poult'rer's knife!
But man, curs'd man on turkeys preys,
And Chriſtmas ſhortens all our days:
Sometimes with oiſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry chine.
From the low peaſant to the lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry board.
Sure men for gluttony are curs'd,
Of the ſev'n deadly ſins the worſt.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring beech.
Ere you remark another's ſin,
Bid thy own conſcience look within;
Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfaſt nations kill.

FABLE XXXIX.

The FATHER *and* JUPITER.

THE Man to Jove his ſuit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife. His prayer was heard.

Jove wonder'd at his bold addreſſing:
For how precarious is the bleſſing!
A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods aſſent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
Now, more ſolicitous he grew,
And ſet their future lives in view:
He ſaw that all reſpect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to power, and beauty.
Once more, he cries, accept my prayer;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my firſt hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richeſt gifts enjoy.
My next with ſtrong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aſpire;
'Till he the ſtep of power aſcend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a Father's bleſs'd.
Jove ſmiles, and grants his full requeſt.
The firſt, a miſer at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increaſe,
He neither wakes nor ſleeps in peace;

In fancy'd want (a wretch compleat)
He ſtarves, and yet he dares not eat.
The next to ſudden honours grew;
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reach'd the height of power and place;
Then fell the victim of diſgrace.
Beauty with early bloom ſupplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each ſuit diſdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age ſhe fades, each lover flies,
Contemn'd, forlorn, ſhe pines and dies.
When Jove the Father's grief ſurvey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid.
Thus ſpoke the God. By outward ſhow,
Men judge of happineſs and woe:
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' eternal will?
Seek virtue; and of that poſſeſt,
To providence reſigns the reſt.

FABLE XL.

The two MONKEYS.

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward ſhow deride;
The Fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the ſcience:

The Don, a formal, ſolemn ſtrutter,
Deſpiſes Monſieur's airs and flutter;
While Monſieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks and ſpeaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain;
In fancy wiſer than the reſt,
Laughs at them both, of both the jeſt.
Is not the poet's chiming cloſe
Cenſur'd by all the ſons of proſe?
While bards of quick imagination
Deſpiſe the ſleepy proſe narration.
Men laugh at Apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but Apes to them?

Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,
No critičks had a ſourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggled folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes;
Then took their tickets for the ſhow,
And got by chance the foremoſt row.

To ſee their grave obſerving face,
Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.

Brother, ſays Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monſtrouſly ill bred.

Now through the booth loud hiſſes ran;
Nor ended till the ſhow began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With ſommerſets he ſhakes the ground;

The cord beneath the dancer ſprings;
Aloft in air the vaulter ſwings;
Diſtorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twiſted arms aſcends:
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the ſight.
With ſmiles, quoth Pug; If pranks like theſe
The giant Apes of reaſon pleaſe,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They muſt adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've ſeen you cling;
Play, twiſt and turn in airy ring:
How can thoſe clumſy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applauſe, we find
Theſe emulators of our kind
Diſcern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimicks thus reward.
Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that Man is wiſe.
While good example they purſue,
We muſt allow ſome praiſe is due:
But when they ſtrain beyond their guide,
I laugh to ſcorn the mimic pride.
For how fantaſtic is the ſight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Becauſe we ſometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

FABLE XLI.

The OWL *and the* FARMER.

AN Owl of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was ſeldom ſeen,
Within a barn had choſe his ſtation,
As fit for prey and contemplation.
Upon a beam aloft he ſits,
And nods, and ſeems to think, by fits.
So have I ſeen a man of news,
Or Poſt-boy, or Gazette peruſe;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on ſheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his ſtore
The farmer came. The hooting Gueſt
His ſelf-importance thus expreſt.
Reaſon in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how ſhallow is his ſenſe!
To treat with ſcorn the bird of night,
Declares his folly, or his ſpite.
Then too, how partial is his praiſe!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays
To his ill-judging ears are fine;
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wiſdom ſtamp'd upon my face.

Whene'er to viſit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compoſe my train!
Like ſlaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of ſuperior kind.
The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'ſt thou with that harſh grating tongue
Depreciate birds of warbling ſong?
Indulge thy ſpleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl.
Beſides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'ſt thy ſlaves and train.
Few follow wiſdom, or her rules;
Fools in deriſion follow fools.

FABLE XLII.

The JUGGLERS.

A Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (ſo far his art tranſcends)
The devil at his finger's ends.
Vice heard his fame, ſhe read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior ſkill,
She ſought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud.
Is this then he ſo fam'd for ſlight?
Can this ſlow bungler cheat your ſight?

Dares he with me diſpute the prize;
I leave it to impartial eyes.
Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done.
In ſcience I ſubmit to none.
Thus ſaid. The cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.
He ſhakes his bag, he ſhews all fair;
His fingers ſpread, and nothing there;
Then bids it rain with ſhowers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told.
But when from thence the hen he draws,
Amaz'd ſpectators hum applauſe.
Vice now ſtept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glaſs, ſhe cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the ſight deſir'd,
And ev'ry man himſelf admir'd.
Next, to a ſenator addreſſing:
See this bank-note; obſerve the bleſſing.
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, paſs! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock ſhone.
A ſecond puff the magic broke;
The padlock vaniſh'd, and he ſpoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor ſtor'd,
But clean conveyance diſappear,
And now two bloody ſwords are there.
A purſe ſhe to a thief expos'd;
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fiſt, the treaſure's fled;
He ſees a halter in its ſtead.
She bids ambition hold a wand;
He graſps a hatchet in his hand.
A box of charity ſhe ſhows.
Blow here; and a church-warden blows.
'Tis vaniſh'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table ſmokes a treat.
She ſhakes the dice, the board ſhe knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.
She next a meagre rake addreſt.
This picture ſee; her ſhape, her breaſt!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With ſurpriſe,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.
A counter, in a miſer's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the ſum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch you ſee
Take ev'ry ſhape but Charity;

And not one thing you ſaw, or drew,
But chang'd from what was firſt in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this ſubmiſſion own'd her art.
Can I ſuch matchleſs ſlight withſtand?
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

FABLE XLIII.

The Council of HORSES.

UPON a time a neighing ſteed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed.
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And ſpread diſſenſion through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the ſtate
The council met in grand debate.
A colt, whoſe eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with ſtrength and youthful fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſt'ning throng addreſt.
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to ſlav'ry and diſgrace!
Shall we our ſervitude retain,
Becauſe our ſires have borne the chain?
Conſider, friends, your ſtrength and might;
'Tis conqueſt to aſſert your right.

How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily toil,
To drag the plough-ſhare through the ſoil;
To ſweat in harneſs through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp ſpur provoke my ſide?
Forbid it, heav'ns! Reject the rein;
Your ſhame, your infamy diſdain.
Let him the lion firſt controul,
And ſtill the tyger's famiſh'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.
A general nod approv'd the cauſe,
And all the circle neigh'd applauſe.
When, lo! with grave and ſolemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race,
With age and long experience wiſe;
Around he caſt his thoughtful eyes,
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus ſpoke the Neſtor of the plain.
When I had health and ſtrength, like you,
The toils of ſervitude I knew.

Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all theſe wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increaſe;
My latter life is reſt and peace.
I grant to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains.
But doth not he divide the care,
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thouſand ſtructures riſe,
To fence us from inclement ſkies!
For us he bears the ſultry day,
And ſtores up all our winter's hay.
He ſows, he reaps the harveſt's gain;
We ſhare the toil, and ſhare the grain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appeaſe your diſcontented mind,
And act the part by heav'n aſſign'd.
The tumult ceas'd. The colt ſubmitted,
And, like his anceſtors, was bitted.

FABLE XLIV.

The HOUND *and the* HUNTSMAN.

IMpertinence at firſt is born
With heedleſs ſlight, or ſmiles of ſcorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noiſy fool who perſeveres?

The morning wakes, the Huntſman ſounds,
At once ruſh forth the joyful hounds.
They ſeek the wood with eager pace,
Through buſh, through brier explore the chaſe.
Now ſcatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And ſnuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what induſtry, what pains!
What univerſal ſilence reigns!

Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once diſplays his babbling throat;
The Pack, regardleſs of the note,
Purſue the ſcent; with louder ſtrain
He ſtill perſiſts to vex the Train.

The Huntſman to the clamour flies;
The ſmacking laſh he ſmartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus expreſs'd his moan.

I know, the muſick of my tongue
Long ſince the Pack with envy ſtung.
What will not ſpite? Theſe bitter ſmarts
I owe to my ſuperior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntſman cry'd,
They ſhow both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our ſcorn, not envy raiſe,
For envy is a kind of praiſe.
Had not thy forward noiſy tongue,
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,

Thou might'ſt have mingled with the reſt,
And ne'er thy fooliſh noſe confeſt.
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are ſure to make their follies known.

FABLE XLV.

The POET *and the* ROSE.

I Hate the Man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrone,
Imagine that they raiſe their own.
Thus Scribblers, covetous of praiſe,
Think ſlander can tranſplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes LESBIA's eyes and feature,
Muſt call her ſiſter, aukward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other nymph diſarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet ſought the ſweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath aſcends,
And ev'ry ſtalk with odour bends.
A roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging as the Muſe inſpir'd.

Go, Roſe, my CHLOE's boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!
There, Phœnix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapleſs flower, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and deſpair!
One common fate we both muſt prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your compariſon, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide.
Of all mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us!
In ev'ry love-ſong roſes bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to CHLOE's charms conduce,
To found her praiſe on our abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

The CUR, *the* HORSE, *and the* SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE lad, of all-ſufficient merit,
With modeſty ne'er damps his ſpirit;
Preſuming on his own deſerts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noiſy jokes at random throws,
And pertly ſpatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own diſgrace.
Too late the forward youth ſhall find
That jokes are ſometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breaſt,
He makes a foe who makes a jeſt.

A Village-cur, of ſnappiſh race,
The perteſt Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was bleſt with muſick's ſweeteſt note;
In the mid road he baſking lay,
The yelping nuſance of the way;
For not a creature paſt along
But had a ſample of his ſong.
Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,
He ſtarts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he ſcow'rs, aſſaults his hoof;
Now near him ſnarls, now barks aloof;

With ſhrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends,
It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way;
The Cur, with never-ceaſing tongue,
Upon the paſſing trav'ler ſprung.
The Horſe, from ſcorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
The Pad in peace purſu'd his way.
A Shepherd's Dog, who ſaw the deed,
Deteſting the vexatious breed,
Beſpoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
Thy teazing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadſt not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

FABLE. XLVII.

The COURT *of* DEATH.

DEath, on a ſolemn night of ſtate,
In all his pomp of terrors ſate:
Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diſeaſes dire, a ghaſtly train!
Crowd the vaſt Court. With hollow tone
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.
This night our Miniſter we name,
Let ev'ry ſervant ſpeak his claim;

Merit ſhall bear this ebon wand.
All, at the word, ſtretch'd forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat poſſeſt,
Advanc'd and for the wand addreſt.
I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let thoſe expreſs my fervent zeal;
On ev'ry ſlight occaſion near,
With violence I perſevere.
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he ſhifts from place to place;
From head to foot how ſwift he flies,
And ev'ry joint and ſinew plies,
Still working when he ſeems ſuppreſt,
A moſt tenacious ſtubborn gueſt.
A haggard Spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus aſſerts his due.
'Tis I who taint the ſweeteſt joy,
And in the ſhape of love deſtroy:
My ſhanks, ſunk eyes, and noſeleſs face,
Prove my pretenſion to the place.
Stone urg'd his ever-growing force,
And, next, Conſumption's meagre corſe,
With feeble voice, that ſcarce was heard,
Broke with ſhort coughs, his ſuit preferr'd.
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like FABIUS, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, ſecure, though ſlow.

Plague repreſents his rapid power,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.
All ſpoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.
Now expectation huſh'd the band,
When thus the Monarch from the throne.
Merit was ever modeſt known.
What, no Phyſician ſpeak his right!
None here? But fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the reſt,
(Whom wary men, as foes, deteſt)
Forego your claim; no more pretend:
Intemp'rance is eſteem'd a friend;
He ſhares their mirth, their ſocial joys,
And, as a courted gueſt, deſtroys.
The charge on him muſt juſtly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.

FABLE XLVIII.

The GARDENER *and the* HOG.

A Gard'ner, of peculiar taſte,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd;
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his maſter's chamber ſnor'd;

Who fondly ſtroak'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where-e'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleaſure to attend.
As on a time, the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Maſter thus addreſs'd the Swine.
My houſe, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my beans and peaſe,
If the potatoe's taſte delights,
Or the red carrot's ſweet invites,
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vaſt expence thoſe beds ſupply'd!
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
Where with new ale the veſſels foam'd.
He munches now the ſteaming grains,
Now with full ſwill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes ariſe;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then ſtagg'ring through the garden ſcowers,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving ſnout he turns the ſoil,
And cools his palate with the ſpoil.
The Maſter came, the ruin ſpy'd,
Villain, ſuſpend thy rage, he cry'd.

Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful ſot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with ſtutt'ring ſpeech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips ſtrown!
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's paſſion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The ſtubborn brute the blows ſuſtains;
Aſſaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah! fooliſh ſwain, too late you find
That ſties were for ſuch friends deſign'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt diſgrace.
Who cheriſhes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly ſoon or late.

FABLE XLIX.

The MAN *and the* FLEA.

WHether on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!
Does not the hawk all fowls ſurvey,
As deſtin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for ſlaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly ſtrands,
Or TAGUS, bright with golden ſands;
Or crawls beſide the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuſe, ſays he,
Who gave all theſe to pleaſure me!
When bord'ring pinks and roſes bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;
When peaches glow with ſunny dyes,
Like LAURA's cheek, when bluſhes riſe;
When with huge figs the branches bend,
When cluſters from the vine depend;
The ſnail looks round on flow'r and tree,
And cries, All theſe were made for me!
What dignity's in human nature?
Says Man, the moſt conceited creature,
As from a cliff he caſt his eye,
And view'd the ſea and arched ſky;
The ſun was ſunk beneath the main,
The moon, and all the ſtarry train,
Hung the vaſt vault of heav'n. The Man
His contemplation thus began.
When I behold this glorious ſhow,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The ſcaly people of the main,
The beaſts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,

And know all theſe by heav'n deſign'd
As gifts to pleaſure human kind;
I cannot raiſe my worth too high;
Of what vaſt conſequence am I!
Not of th' importance you ſuppoſe,
Replies a Flea upon his noſe.
Be humble, learn thyſelf to ſcan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that ſwells thy mind.
What, heav'n and earth for thee deſign'd!
For thee, made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

FABLE L.

The HARE *and many* FRIENDS.

FRiendſhip, like love, is but a name,
Unleſs to one you ſtint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers ſhare,
Hath ſeldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendſhips; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the beſtial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.

Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.
As forth ſhe went at early dawn.
To taſte the dew-beſprinkled lawn,
Behind ſhe hears the hunter's cries
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies.
She ſtarts, ſhe ſtops, ſhe pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to miſlead the hound,
And meaſures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the publick way,
Half-dead with fear ſhe gaſping lay.
What tranſport in her boſom grew,
When firſt the horſe appear'd in view!
Let me, ſays ſhe, your back aſcend,
And owe my ſafety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendſhip ev'ry burthen's light.
The horſe reply'd, Poor honeſt Puſs,
It grieves my heart to ſee thee thus.
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the ſtately bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.
Since ev'ry beaſt alive can tell
That I ſincerely wiſh you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.
To leave you thus, might ſeem unkind;
But ſee, the goat is juſt behind.
The goat remark'd her pulſe was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye.
My back, ſays he, may do you harm;
The ſheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The ſheep was feeble, and complain'd
His ſides a load of wool ſuſtain'd:
Said he was ſlow, confeſs'd his fears;
For hounds eat ſheep, as well as Hares.
She now the trotting calf addreſs'd,
To ſave from death a friend diſtreſs'd.
Shall I, ſays he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler paſs'd you by;
How ſtrong are thoſe! How weak am I!
Should I preſume to bear you hence,
Thoſe friends of mine may take offence.
Excuſe me then. You know my heart.
But deareſt friends, alas! muſt part.
How ſhall we all lament! Adieu;
For ſee the hounds are juſt in view.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.